THE WASHINGTON HERALD

Published Every Morning in the Year by
THE WASHINGTON HERALD COMPANY

PUBLICATION OFFICE:
1322 NEW YORK AVENUE N. W.

Entered at the post-office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

Telephone Main 3300. (Private Branch Exchange.)

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY CARRIER:
Delivered Sunday.....6 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....$3.00 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....25 cents per month

SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL:
Daily and Sunday.....65 cents per month
Daily and Sunday.....$3.00 per year
Daily, without Sunday.....25 cents per month
Daily, without Sunday.....$3.00 per year
Sunday, without daily.....$2.00 per year

New York Representative, J. C. WILBERDING SPECIAL AGENCY, Brunswick Building.
Chicago Representative, A. R. KEATOR, 710 Hartford Building.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 18, 1912.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

The rainbow season is upon us. Woodrow Wilson is to carry the rock-ribbed Republican State of Pennsylvania, and President Taft is certain to receive 384 electoral votes.

An optimistic gentleman of the name of Berry, the Democratic candidate for State Treasurer in Pennsylvania, has confided to Gov. Wilson his belief that the position of the Keystone State in the Democratic column is already assured. The prediction as to President Taft comes from Chairman Hilles. It is hardly necessary to say that both statements should be taken with a large grain of salt. In the first place, Pennsylvania is the very hotbed of protection sentiment. All signs may fail in dry weather, but it does not seem probable, to say the least, that a candidate who approves wholesale reductions in the steel schedule and who praised the Democrats in the House for passing the new steel bill over the President's veto can command a majority of votes in Pennsylvania. One need only to recall the cold furnaces in that State in 1893, when the Wilson bill became a law, to believe that neither the manufacturers nor the workingmen will deliberately invite a return of those conditions.

It is equally apparent that Mr. Hilles' statement is merely for campaign effect. That President Taft may receive a majority of the electoral college is not only possible, but is becoming more probable as the campaign progresses. At the same time it is hardly likely that he will carry every State except those in the South. Mr. Hilles, it is true, places Arizona, California, Oklahoma, and Nebraska in the doubtful column. He might, with equal truth, put Minnesota, Kansas, South and North Dakota, Wisconsin, and even Illinois, in the same category. There are conditions in those States which are not altogether assuring from the Republican point of view, while if Gov. Wilson cannot carry his own State of New Jersey, he might as well end his campaign at once.

As a matter of fact, it is entirely too early to begin definite prediction. No one can tell, for instance, what will be the effect of Mr. Roosevelt's prolonged tour through the West. He has already arranged for a series of speeches in all of the large Western cities, and he will undoubtedly create much enthusiasm. Mr. Bryan is a living example of the fact that crowds and curiosity do not mean votes; but none the less, Mr. Roosevelt's trip means a further stirring up of the people into a state of unrest and dissatisfaction. He has an advantage over the President in that he can make personal appeals, and he will exert every ounce of his admittedly tremendous energy to secure his own election, if possible, or, failing in that result, to accomplish President Taft's defeat.

If there is one thing more apparent than another in this campaign, it is that each candidate is genuinely afraid of the other. Not one of the three parties is wholly free from internal troubles which cause anxiety.

Gov. Wilson's organization is already on the defensive because of his utterances antagonistic to labor unions, his eulogy of the Chinese, his attack upon immigrants from Southern Europe, his former characterization of Bryan, and his hostility to pensions for old soldiers. It had been found necessary, in fact, to organize a bureau for the express purpose of neutralizing the adverse sentiment which his writings, now given wide publicity, have created. President Taft was put upon the defensive by the charges against the manner in which his nomination was secured, while the old scandals of the Roosevelt administration, including the Harriman campaign fund, are returning to plague the would-be third term President. A conference at Oyster Bay was recently necessary in order to smooth out the many rough places which have already appeared in the Roosevelt path.

Everything yet is political chaos. One prediction is just as valuable as another. We will have no end of them during the campaign, but most of them will fade away into nothingness when touched by the cold steel of common sense.

One of the most interesting features of the campaign is the prominence which is being given to the participation of women in its affairs.

The growth of the woman suffrage movement has unquestionably had much to do with this novel phase in politics. In California, Wyoming, Colorado, and other States the women have a legal right to the ballot, and their votes are an important factor in determining a political result. The prominence given to women in the Progressive party was noticeable. Not only was their participation as delegates in the Chicago convention earnestly sought, but Miss Jane Addams, Miss Kellor, and other social reformers have been taken into the councils of the party. There is a woman's Progressive headquarters in New York, which is conducting an active Roosevelt propaganda, and in States where women vote a number of clubs have already been organized.

Democratic women are also working enthusiastically. The so-called "harmony breakfast" in this city gave an impetus to feminine endeavor for the Wilson cause, and leagues of women to help the Democratic candidate are being formed everywhere. The Republican organization is making an effort along the same line, although there was something akin to a blunder in announcing that Miss Mabel Boardman would have charge of the work among women when her consent had evidently not been asked. Her selection was an admirable one, inasmuch as she is a woman of remarkable executive ability and has both time and money at her command; but she has acted wisely in declining to engage in political work while at the head of a nonpartisan organization like the Red Cross. Some one will, of course, be found to take her place, because the Republican Campaign Committee must have its feminine adjunct if it is to keep abreast of the times.

It looks now as if the time is not far distant when woman suffrage will be accepted throughout the United States. In the meantime, the women cannot complain that they are being ignored in the present great struggle for the Presidency.

The present political situation recalls the story told of a well-known Western politician who was very much of a boss in his home town. On the morning of election day, after making a round of the polling places, he returned to headquarters looking very glum.

"The people," he explained, using an adjective not altogether complimentary, "are voting as they please."

There is no doubt that this is the condition which perplexes the politicians to-day. There is an independence among the voters which injects a large element of doubt into all calculations. There never was a time in the history of the country when the party yoke bore so lightly upon individual shoulders as at present. A man does not have to be a Republican now because he has hitherto been a Republican; he does not feel it necessary to utter undying fealty to Democracy because he has always been a Democrat; nor, indeed, is it compulsory upon him, although he may always have been a Roosevelt admirer, to follow the colonel into the last ditch. Political polls made four years ago are this year as useless as last summer's straw hat. There are new alignments everywhere. Men are thinking for themselves.

It is this fact which makes the present campaign peculiarly one of education. Millions of men are to-day in an uncertain state of mind as to the candidate who will receive their votes, and they must be convinced by fact and argument. In order to reach them there must be much speechmaking and an enormous amount of literature must be circulated.

This latter feature of the campaign is interesting. A perusal of the Congressional Record indicates that the mails are to be flooded with political effusions. Under a generous provision of the rules nearly everything under the sun can be inserted in the Record under the guise of a speech. Already there have been printed Chairman Hilles' lengthy pamphlet, giving a detailed history of the contests before the Republican National Convention; Mr. James' address as permanent chairman at Baltimore, the speeches of acceptance delivered by President Taft and Gov. Wilson, Attorney General Wickersham's address at Chautauqua, Gov. Wilson's remarks to Pennsylvania Democrats, and a score of other deliverances bearing upon the pending contest.

As public documents, all this literature can be circulated postage free under the franking privilege. It would be interesting to know, when the campaign has ended, how many tons of printed matter were sent through the mails without costing the campaign committees a single penny for postage. In some quarters this free circulation of political literature may be regarded as an imposition upon the government. There is, however, another side to the question. If government is to be a paternal affair, aiding farmers and workingmen in general and individual citizens in particular, there is no reason why it should not aid in educating the people along political lines.

It is all the more important, in fact, that this should be done if we are to have in the future—as now seems to be inevitable—a rule of the people. The present tendency is toward giving the people a more direct control of governmental affairs and toward a pure democracy. It is, therefore, essential that there shall be the widest knowledge of public questions. If laws are to be made and unmade through the operation of the initiative and referendum without regard to the Legislatures, and if the people are to decide by a majority vote whether a judicial decision is to be effective, it is absolutely necessary that intelligence shall be developed to its highest degree.

Let the government, therefore, aid in this work by carrying freely into every home the documents which are to be read and thoughtfully considered by the people. In a certain sense more will be accomplished than the election of a President. We will be fitting the people to meet the great responsibilities which the trend of the times seems destined to place upon them. This may be a novel and unique view to take of the commonplace subject of circulating campaign literature, but it is a view which is in harmony with the progression of the times.

The Gratitude of Brutes.

A gentleman whose route took him across one of our Washington parks each morning was accustomed to carry a few peanuts and to feed the squirrels, until one of these little creatures acquired the habit of mounting to the man's shoulders, seizing and scampering down with the nut gently deposited there.

One morning, being in a hurry, the gentleman forgot the peanuts, though the squirrel, it seems, did not; and as his benefactor came along, running nimbly up his clothing and not finding the usual nut, what did the little ingrate do but bite the gentleman in the neck till the blood started.

Much less is known of the moose than of the partially tame squirrel, but in view of recent developments the question arises whether a bull moose that will deliberately seek to destroy the party which has nourished it is a safe creature to encourage.

While the ordinary specimen is apt to be shy but harmless, it seems that the people have been very generally deceived as to a certain unusual type of this animal. Its stentorian herd calls, which it is now known are really imitation cries of the smaller Muntjac, have hitherto been regarded, if not inspiring, as at least innocent and harmless; but experienced hunters tell us that when aggrieved, even from causes purely fanciful, the bull moose has no respect for friend or foe, and is one of the most dangerous beasts that a civilized man can encounter.

While, therefore, it has been recently urged that common "sheep," if they would avoid ravenous "wolves," should have sense enough to adopt the bull moose as a guardian, from very accurate information as to this creature's vindictive actions it would seem to be about the last of all the brute creation to accept as a protector!

Parents' Care of Children.

A contributor to the Survey is discussing a project which suggests that there may be danger of carrying too far the separation of children from their parents in the enlargement of education, whether it be well to extend the idea of bringing up young people more and more away from their natural surroundings and freeing parents more and more from ideas of their own responsibilities toward their offspring. The writer advocates that "each public school in a large city should add to its equipment a farm with dormitories for the older pupils of the schools." But there is no hint where the line "older" should be drawn. Provided that such a plan be carried out, the drawing of that line probably would be one of the most serious of difficulties, because many parents would resent any discrimination.

But how are the expenditures for such an innovation to be borne by the public? By the parents? The writer urges that the children should do most of the work themselves. Half of each day should be devoted to labor in the fields, garden, or carpenter shop and the other half to play and collecting of common flowers, leaves, and rocks. The school-teachers themselves should be in charge, assisted by college or normal school graduates. This plan, it is argued, would cost less than to send the child away to school or to keep it at home. He says: "The parents could rest and the children gain the self-reliance which comes from a more independent life."

The writer states that the present system of sending children away to the country has many faults that need correction. Undoubtedly so. But has enough attention been paid to the fact that parents often need to be made to feel the responsibility of caring for their children summer and winter? The tendency has been too much in the direction of encouragement of parents to turn over their offspring to the care of philanthropic individuals or employes of public institutions. What has been neglected has been to pay more heed to have children grow up as far as possible under the care of their parents.

The Commonwealth owes a duty to parents to stimulate the sense of paternal responsibility. The relations between parents and children can be made mutually helpful and should be so. Except in cases of neglect and incompetency parents must be regarded as the natural protectors and trainers of their children, and the effort should be to see that they are kept to their duties and responsibilities, not to be freed from them!

Summer vacations for city children are the thing, especially in the country. But permanent schools for summer use would perhaps be of questionable value.

No Climber.

From Judge.

Knicker—Is Jones lazy?

Bocker—Yes; he wants an elevator to get on a bandwagon.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The Queen of Spain, who is on a private visit to her mother, Princess Henry of Battenberg, having arrived for the Cowes regatta, attended the wedding last week of Lady Marjorie Manners and the youthful Charles Paget, Marquis of Anglesey, into whose lap quite unexpectedly title and fortune fell at the sudden death of his cousin.

The nuptials were consummated at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. The Archbishop of Canterbury officiated, and the Duke of Rutland, head of the house of Manners, gave his daughter away. The church was decorated in white and gold, and there were fifteen bridesmaids, of whom all but one were the young children of intimate friends of the bride, the fifteenth being the only "grown-up" girl, the bride's sister, Lady Diana Manners. There were a number of little pages in heralds' suits. The little girls wore white satin.

The Duchess of Rutland received a large company at her town house, where the magnificent wedding gifts were on view. Among the many and rich presents were some made by Lord Anglesey's dependents at Plas Newydd, Burton-on-Trent, and the crew of his yacht.

The Burton town council presented the bridegroom with the honorary freedom of the borough, inclosed in a silver casket. Other and similar presentations were made by public bodies on the Isle of Anglesey. The Crown Princess of Sweden, with whom Lady Marjorie visited just before her wedding, sent a diamond tiara.

Prince Christopher of Greece sent a large green jade ornament, from the Duke and Duchess of Portland there is an enamel and diamond pendant, Lord and Lady Iveagh sent a diamond brooch, the Duchess of Westminster a jeweled tortoise shell paper knife, Lord and Lady Clarendon's gift is a ruby and diamond brooch, Lady Helen Vincent's present is a pearl ring, and Count Eisen sent a bracelet watch studded with diamonds. Among other gifts are a valuable collection of gold plate, to which Lord and Lady Howard de Walden contribute a high gold beaker of early Dutch workmanship, a gold vase from Mrs. George Cavendish-Bentinck, a crystal box mounted in chased gold from Lady Exeter, and a gold cigar box from Baron and Baroness Kuhlmann. The American Ambassador and Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, who always give their young friends lovely Georgian silver objects, have chosen an antique tea caddy for Lady Marjorie, and the Prime Minister and Mrs. Asquith present her with a pair of old French jardinieres and a bowl.

Designing mothers and dowagers have been angling for Charles Paget ever since he came so unexpectedly into the marquisate and his millions in 1906. Mr. Paget was only a cousin of the bejeweled fifth marquis, who, crazy about clothes, actresses, and display, knew not how to enjoy the great wealth which was his. He died suddenly at Monte Carlo, and his body was flung into the suicide's patch awaiting orders from England. Finally it was shipped there in a plain deal packing case, and only a score of persons attended the quiet funeral of the young man who had a million a year and didn't know how to spend it properly.

Charles Paget, his cousin, inherited the money and the title. This young man is cast in a different mold. Good-looking, clever, fond of life and people, he had spent his nineteen years in simplicity. He found his vast estate of 40,000 acres quite incumbered, but even so there was left him an annual income of no less than £40,000. Careful management has enhanced both the revenues and the value of the estates, until today they are worth some $50,000,000, and net an income of $1,000,000 a year.

The mammas of British high life spread their nets for the biggest catch among the nobility. There was the Duchess of Portland, who holds herself quite as exclusive as royalty. She graciously condescended to allow the youthful Marquis to pay his respects to her daughter, Lady Victoria Bentinck. But his lordship declined to be fascinated. Then there was the Countess Dudley, who has several charming daughters. But she also sued in vain.

Lady Marjorie is a beauty; perhaps not quite so exquisitely handsome as her younger sister, Lady Diana, and, besides, she is thirty years old, while the marquis is three years her junior. It is this which the London society matrons—with daughters on their hands—fail to understand, when there were so many much younger and handsomer and of still more ancient lineage ready to become a marchioness.

Still, Lady Marjorie has already been the favored of royalty. Brought up by her artistic mother, she showed a distinct partiality for the esthetic in everything. Then came rumors of engagements and matrimonial "arrangements." First it was Prince Arthur, son of the Duke of Connaught. It may be said right here that the Duke, not then the head of the Canadian government, as he is now, was not rich. And, of course, his son wasn't. But as brother of the King the duke had a royal position to maintain, and he told his son he would have to wed a girl with at least 5,000 pounds a year.

Lady Marjorie, with all her beauty and her social position, didn't have five hundred pounds a year, much less five thousand—in fact, from London's social standpoint she was poor. The two young people were madly in love. Prince Arthur ventured to say that he would renounce all his royal rights, which included the throne of Great Britain.

King Edward grinned and so did the duke.

And so it was not to be. Then came Craig Wadsworth, of New York. He had money and family connections; likewise he was third secretary to the American Legation, a job which pays a small salary and requires a rich young man to fill. He had looks and manners and everything that makes a man attractive to a woman. But he had no title. Once more love flew out of the window and Mr. Wadsworth is still unwed. The young Marquis of Stafford was also very attentive to Lady Marjorie for a while, but that romance also faded away.

It is not known generally among us that Lady Marjorie, the daughter of a British duke, is an American. And yet this is so. She was born in New Mexico—at Las Vegas, in 1882. Her father, now the Duke of Rutland, was plain Capt. Manners then, and pretty much all he had was a captain's income. He was in poor health, and he and his wife, who was Lady Granby, came to New Mexico to be benefited by the dry climate. They had no servants. In fact, they lived alone in a tent out on the plains.

With his own hands Capt. Manners put up his canvas home. There were two cots, some cooking utensils, a camp stove, and a dry goods box for a table. There they lived for months and there their first baby girl was born—Lady Marjorie Manners.

Two years later Charles Paget first saw the light. He lived the life of any British schoolboy, with little thought of ever having money or title. His cousin, the fifth marquis, was well and strong and eventually married. The birth of a son would have ended all young Paget's hopes. In reality, he never expected to be anything more than Paget, an officer in the King's army. He went to Sandhurst, England's West Point, and began his studies for a military career. He was well along toward his commission at the age of nineteen, and his family looked to his success in the profession of arms and hoped he would marry well.

But everything was doomed to sudden change. The marquis, who could spend a fortune for one costume for amateur theatricals; who changed a chapel in one of his historic halls into a bijou theater; who danced in a dress garlanded with diamonds—was called to his final counting, estranged from his wife, leaving no heir, and everything went to the boy of nineteen at the military school.

The new marquis took the sudden change of position with the coolness of a prince who might be waiting for the death of his father the king. He changed his habits of life very little. Of course, he quit Sandhurst and he went a little more into society. Once there was talk that he was to marry Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, now the Countess Szechenyi, but that proved to be idle rumor.

PLANEUR.

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A LITTLE NONSENSE.

A NEW PERIL.

Be careful when you're making love.
Talk airy chaff,
But don't forget the dangers of
The dictagraph.

Be wary when, to plan a crime,
You meet your staff.
You may encounter in due time
The dictagraph.

A man engaged in crooked biz
Soon gets the gaff.
The latest complication is
The dictagraph.

Uncle Pennywise Inquires:

"Where kin I get a look at this turkey trot? They say it's very disgusting."

Would Be Useful.

"Some new china?"

"Yes; George just gave me a handsome watermelon set."

"A watermelon set, eh? That is a new one on me. Does it include a bathtub?"

Fine Qualifications.

"How long have you known this man?"

"Your honor, ten years."

"Is he a good citizen?"

"He is; he's honest, genial, a loyal fan—"

"I guess that will do. The defendant is discharged."

To-day in History.

1539—Henry VIII indorses the suffragettes.

1755—Boswell indorses Dr. Johnson's note for 11 pounds. The latter's failure to make good caused a breach between the two friends.

It Won't Do.

Some statesmen take
The people's will
And try to add
A codicil.

Seeing Europe.

"Tell me about Venice."

"Good post cards there."

"Constantinople?"

"No post cards there."

"And Paris?"

"Elegant post cards there."

A Dinner Handicap.

"Why are some of your guests going out to dinner first?"

"They are Fletcherites. We give them a thirty-minute start."

Wasted Kisses.

"There's a great deal of needless waste in the world."

"How now?"

"Why do candidates go around kissing babies? None of the babies like it. Some of the big girls might."

A Chord of Wood.

From Judge.

Smith—Sappington has a voice of wonderful timber.

Jones—It's not surprising—he's such a blockhead!

The Difference.

From Judge.

Bings—I see a woman has been cured of rheumatism by a stroke of lightning.

Jings—Yes. And the case differs from so many surgical operations announced as perfectly successful in that the patient is still alive.

POPULAR SONGS ILLUSTRATED BY CARTOONS—No. 7.

FARE THEE WELL. MY HEARTS BEST TREASURE.

(BALLAD.)

Words by W. S. PASSMORE. Music by TRAFFE ART.

Andante expressivo.

Fare thee well, my heart's best treasure
Farewell, all my soul esteems,
Without thee, adieu to pleasure;
With thee every gladness beams.
Bitter are the pangs that sever;
Probing deep the bosom's core.
Love, when I forget thee ever,
May this warm heart beat no more!
Love, when I forget thee ever,
May this warm heart beat no more!

Farewell, dear one; long I've known thee;
Long I've shared thy thought and care;
And have never since I won thee,
Sought a joy thou could'st not share.
Of life's bliss be thou the giver,
O'er me thy fond influence pour;
Dearest, when I prove deceiver,
May this false heart throb no more;
Dearest, when I prove deceiver,
May this false heart throb no more!

Farewell, then, life's only pleasure;
Thou shalt Fate's cupbearer be;
Cheering future time's dull measure
With thy loving constancy.
Tho' thy frail form now dost quiver
With thy soul's deep anguish sore,
Fear not I'll forget thee ever,
'Till this warm heart throbs no more.
Fear not I'll forget thee ever,
'Till this warm heart throbs no more.

ORATORY

By GEORGE FITCH,
Author of "At Good Old Siwash."

Oratory is the art of talking with the hands, feet, shoulders, and mouth, and sometimes with the brain—all at once.

Oratory was first made famous by Demosthenes, a Greek boy who lived many years before Chauncey Depew's stories were first invented. Demosthenes became an orator by filling his mouth full of pebbles, thus compelling himself to be brief, on pain of choking to death. This plan has fallen into disuse, however.

Oratory is as hard to learn as aviation. The speaker must get astride of his theme in a low, resonant voice and then glide rapidly up into a loud shriek, pausing only for breath and water. He must feed his remarks with similes, metaphors, apostrophes, word paintings, aphorisms, and epigrams while so shrieking, and the orator who stopped while in full cry to claw for an adjective would meet as disastrous a fate as the aviator who let go of the steering wheel two miles from land to arrange his necktie. Cautious orators, therefore, make up a full stock of figures of speech and keep them ready for instant use, so that when they are surprised by a personal friend at a public meeting with a demand for a speech they can go on the platform totally unprepared and can rise 2,000 feet in a few hoarse whoops, coming down afterward from patriotism to peanuts in a beautiful spiral glide.

A talented orator is also a great athlete, and can use both arms violently for hours at a time. Swimming is a good preliminary training for orators. If a man can swim a mile, he can expect to go through a long and eloquent oration without getting weak in the shoulders.

A fine orator has a wonderful effect on an audience and can make it believe whatever he wants to tell it about the tariff or Andrew Jackson. Webster was one of our greatest orators. He could begin a talk in a low, dispassionate voice as if tired of life, and in ten minutes could yank his audience up on its chairs and make it yell as if it were calling for the lifeboat. Hypnotists do the same thing, but they use their arms more quietly and do not melt so many collars.

A skillful orator can talk magnificently on any subject, using the same words shuffled up a little. Bob Ingersoll had two great orations—one on immortality and the other on his old cob pipe, the latter being, if anything, the more beautiful.

Oratory is the most profitable of all gifts. Men have orated themselves into thrones and into Presidential chairs. Starting with nothing but a strong, flexible pair of arms and a deep, durable voice, and squirting nothing else on the way, a young man can even now talk himself into Congress, and if some one leaves the gate open a little can leap into a national convention and transform it into a shrieking mob of frenzied admirers with a few deft, calliope-like remarks. Oratory acts on an audience as whisky does on a man. It takes away its brains for the time being. But it does not have a headache the next morning, which accounts for the fact that it is still regarded with favor.

A FEW DELF CALLIOPE-LIKE REMARKS

For many years America hired orators to do all its public business. Then it began to find that when a man is orating he is never working and is seldom thinking. So now the orating and the thinking are done by separate departments of government, and neither is allowed to interfere with the other.

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WHAT A MOOSE IS.

From the New York Evening Post.

Those persons who have been inquiring as to the origin of the term Bull Moose may find enlightenment in a leading authority on derivatives, the Encyclopedia Britannica. According to Vol. xviii, page 452, "moose" means "trimmer."

Here is the definition:

"MOOSE, the North American Indian (Algonquin) name of the North American representative of the European elk. The word is said to mean 'trimmer,' from the animal's habit of feeding on the branches of trees."

FUNNYBIRDS.

"Waiter; I say, can I have some tabasco sauce with these angle worms?"
"No; but I can bring you a few fireflies!"